A thouſand bluſhing apparitions,
To ſtart into her face,a thouſand innocent ſhames,
In angel whiteneſſe beate away thoſe bluſhes,
And in her eie there hath appeard a fire,
To burne the errors that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth:call me a foole,
Truſt not my reading,nor my obſeruations,
Which with experimental ſeale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke:truſt not my age,
My reuerence,calling,nor diuinitie,
If this ſweete ladie lie not guiltleſſe here,
Vnder ſome biting errour.
*Leonato* Frier,it cannot be,
Thou ſeeſt that al the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is,that ſhe will not adde to her damnation,
A ſinne of periury,ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeekſt thou then to couer with excuſe,
That which appeares in proper nakedneſſe?
*Frier* Lady,what man is he you are accuſde of?
*Hero* They know that do accuſe me, I know none,
If I know more of any man aliue
Then that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſinnes lacke mercie,O my father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerſt,
At houres vnmeete,or that I yeſternight
Maintaind the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me,hate me,torture me to death.
*Frier* There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the princes.
*Bene.* Two of them haue the very bent of honour,
And if their wiſedomes be miſled in this,
The practiſe of it liues in Iohn the Baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirites toyle in frame of villanies.
*Leonato* I know not,if they ſpeake but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall teare her, if they wrong her honour,
The prowdeſt of them ſhal wel heare of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age ſo eate vp my inuention,

Nor



Nor Fortune made ſuch hauocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awakte in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limbe,and policy of mind,
Ability in meanes,and choiſe of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
*Frier* Pawſe awhile,
And let my counſell ſway you in this caſe,
Your daughter here the princeſſe (left for dead,)
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it,that ſhe is dead indeede,
Maintaine a mourning oſtentation,
And on your families old monument,
Hang mourneful epitaphes,and do all rites,
That appertaine vnto a buriall.
*Leon.* What ſhall become of this?what will this do?
*Frier* Mary this well caried, ſhall on her behalfe,
Change ſlaunder to remorſe,that is ſome good,
But not for that dreame I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:
She dying,as it muſt be ſo maintaind,
Vpon the inſtant that ſhe was accuſde,
Shal be lamented,pittied,and excuſde
Of euery hearer:for it ſo falls out,
That what we haue,we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enioy it,but being lackt and loſt,
Why then we racke the valew,then we find
The vertue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew vs
Whiles it was ours,ſo will it fare with Claudio:
When hee ſhall heare ſhe died vpon his words,
Th Idæa of her life ſhall ſweetly creepe,
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And euery louely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparelld in more precious habite,
More mooning delicate,and full of life,
Into the eie and proſpect of his ſoule
Then when ſhe liude indeed:then ſhall he mourne,